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AND

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A MASONIC ORATION,

Pronounced before the Companions of Webb Royal Arch Chapter, No. 6, and the Brethren of Land-Mark Lodge No. 41, at Versailles, Kentucky, on the 27th day of December A. L. 5822; being the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, by companion INNIS T. HARRIS.

COMPANIONS AND BROTHERS,

HIGHLY gratifying as it was to my feelings, and flattering to my pride, to be selected as your organ on this occasion; yet it is with unfeigned and trembling diffidence I enter upon the discharge of the task you have assigned me. Conscious of the magnitude of my subject, and of my own inability to rise to its level, I should sink without an effort, did I not know that if I fail to please, it is not your practice to condemn; did I not know that it is not expected of a timid and newly fledged bird to soar like the veteran and daring eagle above the clouds, and gaze undazzled on the Sun.

Do any here, who have not crossed the sacred vestibule of Masonry, enquire what has called together this assemblage of individuals, distinguished by their dress from the rest of the community? We answer; if recalling to mind the virtues of those who have been the ornament, "the mark, and model of their times," be generally productive of a spirit of emulation; if honour and respect be due to the memory of the sainted dead; if the feelings, which prompt a household, upon one day in each revolving year, to assemble around their family altar, to commemorate the birth of a departed friend and benefactor, and drop the tear of gratitude to his memory, are such as do honor to our nature; then are we drawn together by motives the most praise-worthy. We have as

sembled as one family upon the *level* of brotherhood, to testify our respect for the character, and publicly to commemorate this annual return of the natal day, of our ancient patron and brother, St. John the Evangelist: whose exertions for the advancement of Masonry, was only equalled by his zeal in the cause of christianity. He was one of the brightest ornaments of our order. Never did he forget the moral lessons drawn from our symbols. Never for a moment did he lose sight of the *square* of virtue, or the *plumb* of rectitude. Assiduously did he labour with the *trowel* in spreading the cement of brotherly love; and the purity of his life has proved he ever bore in mind that he was "travelling upon the level of time to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns!" Brothers, let us treasure up his precepts, let us emulate his example, let us tread in his footsteps, that we may secure to ourselves the immortal reward he now enjoys—a seat in the Grand Lodge above. I shall not attempt to sketch his character, it is familiar to all; nor to pourtray his virtues, they are treasured up in the memory of every Christian, and of every Mason: but I shall endeavour, by a brief exposition of the principles and end of Masonry, and a slight notice of some of the objections urged against it, to rescue him from the imputation of having patronized an unworthy institution.

When we behold a fabric that has weathered the tempests of ages, we are not struck with that momentary astonishment, which is excited by the first view of one of the splendid edifices of modern times. No; we approach it as some thing hallowed by age, and while looking upon its venerable and mouldering walls, its rude, antique, and useless furniture, we experience some of those benign, charitable, heart-melting and sacred feelings which are awakened within the bosom, when at twilight we linger around the monument of some departed friend of man. The heart consecrates every broken fragment strewed around it; for the temple is "founded on a rock," its materials sound, and its structure bespeaks the skill of the Master Workman.

If the same feelings be indulged, if the same conclusions be drawn in judging of institutions like ours, then has Masonry, upon the score of antiquity at least, the strongest claim to the favourable opinion of mankind. For although some may feel disposed to cavil about the precise time of its origin, all will, all must admit that it is now the most ancient institution under heaven.

Arising in the east, Masonry has witnessed the downfall of the most splendid Empires of the old world. She has seen Greece when the seat of freedom, of wisdom, and of arts; when the Muses loved to tune their lyres on her hills, and the nymphs delighted to sport through her groves. She has beheld her "fallen from her high estate," degraded, ignorant, superstitious, and enslaved; she now beholds her "bleeding at every pore," and struggling with a spirit worthy of the proudest days of her ancient glory, to burst asunder the vassal and ignominious fetters, which an overbearing and inexorable despotism had fastened on her people.

Departing from the East as it became the region of darkness, and travelling to the West, Masonry has witnessed the birth of a new world; she has seen this great republic spring up in a day from infancy to manhood, and becoming a Light-house to the sons of freedom in every region of the world. May the great Governor of the Universe, on whose nod hangs the fate of nations, long avert the hour when she will have to mourn over its dissolution!

Kingdoms, and thrones, and dynasties have passed away;

"And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind."

Of the proud monuments of Roman glory and grandeur, of Athenian wisdom and heroism, of the splendour and magnificence of Balbec and Palmyra, nought but the ruins remain. The obelisks and pyramids of Egypt, those lasting witnesses of human power and royal folly, that have so long withstood the storms, and bid defiance to the lightning of heaven, are silently sinking under the ravages of the great destroyer. Nature herself has changed! Where once the home-sick mariner hailed with delight his lovely isle in the midst of the deep, nought now is to be seen, but the foaming billows, beneath which it lies buried! "The cloud capt" mountain, upon whose towering summit the heavens appear to rest, by a sudden convulsion of nature has been shaken to its base. The earth and all that it contains is subject to change, and destined to destruction. But Masonry! heaven-born, time-crowned Masonry! still remains the same! or if indeed she has changed, it has only been by gaining strength with her age, and brilliancy from the collisions she has encountered in her march.

Yes, my brethren, and as she has flourished from time immemorial, unhurt by the poisoned darts of malice, so will

she continue to flourish until "time shall be no more." As with Noah she survived the flood, so with all the worthy of the craft will she survive the second and final destruction; when the elements shall turn to chaos! and order to confusion! when "the great globe itself" shall be wrapped in one universal flame! then shall Masonry find refuge in "that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

From its antiquity and unchangeable nature alone, the candid and enlightened must judge favourably of our order; for the unprejudiced mind cannot easily be induced to believe, that a society, which has existed for so many centuries, and has claimed as its members the wisest and best men of every age and country, can hold tenets either unworthy of serious attention, or that we would war upon those fundamental principles of society, which have been established for the government of the Universe: but if you will bear with me whilst I briefly notice some of its principles, I trust every unfriendly feeling you may harbour towards it, will be removed.

Speculative Masonry is a fountain of knowledge from which we may, at all times and in all situations, draw the most valuable instruction without the least danger of exhausting the source. It contains a rich fund of traditional lore which can no where else be obtained. It is fraught with lessons of wisdom and morality, which from the happy and peculiar manner in which they are inculcated are calculated to make deep and lasting impressions. By Masonry we are constantly reminded of our dependent condition; of the assistance we owe to each other; and the reverence due to our maker. By it too we are taught to circumscribe our desires, to subdue our passions, and to act in a manner becoming the dignity of our nature. It "mends the morals, improves the heart," enlightens, expands, and liberalizes the mind. Yes, when we first enter within the consecrated walls of a Lodge we are "brought by a way that we knew not, we are taught to walk in paths we have not known; darkness is made light before us, and crooked things straight;" the shackles of superstition are sundered! the clouds of prejudice are dispelled, and we enjoy in full fruition "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." You no longer "see as through a glass darkly;" but the mind, thus freed and disenthralled, is prepared to range with advantage and delight, the extensive, the unbounded field of this sublime science, expanding at every step and drawing fresh

instruction from every symbol and implement of Masonry, as the industrious bee extracts honey from every flower of the field.

It is in the Lodge that all the finer and nobler feelings of our nature are awakened. Here we behold Brotherly Love, with anxious heart, and outstretched arms; Relief with open hand, and tearful eye, and Justice clothed in robes of mercy. Here we learn the value of Temperance, the beauty of Truth, the importance of Fortitude, the necessity of Prudence; and here too we behold the loveliness of Virtue, and are taught with a monitory and parental tenderness to eschew the fascinations of Vice.

In the great Temple of Masonic virtues, *Charity* is the Corinthian pillar. It has been very uncharitably insinuated by some, who are not overburthened with the virtue of charity, that the liberality of Masons is experienced only by the indigent of their own order. Such is not the fact. We count it not charity to relieve a brother, it is his due, and as such he ever claims and receives it. Masonic charity is as "expanded as the earth, stimulates the bosom to promiscuous benevolence, urges it to feel and relieve the distresses of Turk or Jew, as readily and with as much warmth as the indigent" of our own country; "it wafts the mind over the waste of oceans into distant hemispheres to let fall a tear at the couch of the afflicted infidel, as well as at the bed of a sufferer of our own communion." To protect the helpless, to wipe the dew drop from the orphan's eye, to extend relief to the poor and wretched, and to pour the balm of peace and consolation into the troubled and wounded heart, are the first, the noblest, and most delightful duties of the Mason; and the man who is deaf to the call of distress, who feels not for the misfortunes of his fellow, and who can spurn the wretched beggar from his door, that man, although he bear about him the highest badge of our order, believe me *he is no Mason*. No, my friends, if you wish to behold the genuine friends of Masonry; if you wish to witness its happy effect upon the heart; follow the good Mason to the couch of disease; see him, like an angel, ministering to all the wants of sickness, and when the dying wretch is shuddering at the prospects of death, comforting him for the loss of this world by pointing his parting spirit to a better. Follow him again to the hut of misery and want, and behold him while the tear of pity bedews his manly cheek, "walking in the statutes," obeying the solemn injunctions of humanity and reli-

gion, and exhibiting to the world a proud commentary upon the principles of his order by "feeding the hungry and clothing the naked."

The Lodge is also the school of friendship; not of that friendship the poet describes as

—————"But a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep!"

Nor that which flatters our foibles, steals our confidence, and for sordid gain betrays it. No, friendship among Masons shifts not with every gale of fortune, it is no sunshine companion, but pure, disinterested, and lasting, and unaffected by circumstances, unchanged and unshaken by time. It prompts us kindly to admonish a brother of his faults, to warn and guard him against dangers that are hidden from his view, to point out the snares and pitfalls that lay in his way, to listen with sympathy to the tale of his misfortunes, to relieve him from difficulty and danger, to console him in trouble and adversity, never to betray his confidence, but to keep his secrets and his foibles forever garnered up in our own breasts, and if his situation demand it, to risk life and fortune in his service. I know there are selfish and frozen-hearted beings, for whom this portrait of friendship can have no charms. Self is their idol! money is their God! and for these they will sunder not only the ties of friendship, but nature and blood! Such men are not fit materials for the Masonic building.

I have faintly portrayed some of the virtues inculcated in the Lodge; that many of us fall short in the practice of them, we acknowledge and regret; that we are subject to imposition, that we are often deceived in the characters of candidates, and receive unworthy men into our Society, we cannot deny; but where is the christian who performs all that is enjoined on him by his religion? where is the society without bad members? and indeed has not religion itself been made the cloak of vice? We should not, therefore, decide upon the merits of any institution from the conduct of a few of its members.

Masonry has been the subject of inveterate persecution in almost every age and every clime. Her principles have been traduced; her objects have been misrepresented. An intolerant priesthood of the old world, because they were not made father confessors to the fraternity, have bestowed

ry liberally their anathemas upon it. Suspicious tyrants, whose guilty minds are ever conjuring up plots and conspiracies, which have no existence but in their own imaginations, have exerted all their power to crush it. Even in our own happy land, in this asylum of the oppressed, where a spirit of toleration and liberality of sentiment is fostered and encouraged, masonry has not been without enemies, and among those too who should have been the first to defend her. Some of the ministers of our holy religion, some of the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, have attempted to close the doors of the church against us; threatened with excommunication those among them who should dare to attend our meetings, and denounced the institution as tending to subvert morality and religion! This indeed "was the unkindest cut of all:" and as the only apology they can offer, is ignorance of its tenets, charity should have taught them silence. But far be it from us to impugn their motives, it is not our practice to condemn what we do not understand. We indulge no unfriendly feelings towards them. No, in the true spirit of charity we are led to exclaim in the language of a bleeding Saviour "*Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!*" What, my christian friends! can you believe that the saint, whose birth we this day celebrate, (and whose spirit is now in Heaven,) would ever have become the patron of an institution, the principles of which militated against the Bible? Can you believe that Saint Albym, the first English martyr in the cause of christianity, would ever have accepted of the highest station in a society at war with that holy religion, his interest and faith in which were sealed with his life's blood? Look around you, do you see no humble disciples of Christ among us, who would not have dared to mingle with us to day if we held doctrines incompatible with those contained in "this best gift of God to man?" And am I so old in hypocrisy, so hardened in iniquity, that I could stand here, with these holy writings spread before me, in this sacred temple dedicated to the worship of the living God, where we have so often heard the sweet language of salvation, and beheld the briny drops of repentance as they trickled down the furrowed cheeks of age; could I stand here, the unblushing advocate of Masonry, if it had the slightest tendency to subvert any of the fundamental principles of morality or religion? No, I should tremble lest a justly offended God should place a mark upon my forehead,

as indelible, and as damning as the first murderer's. So far from Masonry having a tendency to subvert religion, it is founded upon, and indissolubly connected with it. From this sacred volume we receive our chief light, and many of those parts of it, which appear discrepant to the world, our traditional information renders perfectly consistent. Wherever Masonry extends, it prepares the mind and the heart to receive the seeds of christianity. To prove this, a wide field of argument lies before me; but I forbear to enter upon it, believing that the candid and enlightened are already satisfied; and to those who are completely under the controul of malice, envy, or prejudice, I have nothing to say, for "if one should arise from the dead," they would still be incredulous.

Whilst we receive none among us who do not acknowledge their dependence on a Supreme Being, and their accountability hereafter "for the deeds done in the body;" yet Masonry makes no distinction of sects, but "collects together, like the baptismal dove, every creed, and every clime and colour in the universe, beneath the spotless wing of its protection." In politics as in religion, Masonry regards not parties; but whilst she fans the flame of patriotism in our breasts, and teaches us to value as our lives, our freedom and independence, she teaches us also, to bow with submission to the laws of the land, and to suppress faction and treason, wherever they may rear their hideous crests.

It has been often asked with a kind of a triumphant sneer, if the principles of Masonry be so pure; if its end and aim be so benevolent as you would have us believe; why then do you talk of secrets and mysteries? Why not make all that relates to your order public. Surely if your deeds be good, they will bear the light. *Yes, they will bear the light;* there is nought in Masonry that her sons need be ashamed should meet the glare of the public eye; nothing they would blush to see "inscribed upon the blue arch of Heaven!" but Masonry is known just so far as its influence extends, those parts of it which relate to, or have an influence upon the world are public; those which interest only the craft, among which are our mystic ceremonies, the language by which we are known to each other, and the ligaments which bind us together, are unknown and must ever remain so to all but Masons, indeed upon their continuing so, depends the utility and perpetuity of the order. Make them public, and you destroy the magic keys, with which each brother is entrusted, and which unlock to him our common treasure;

should want or misfortune overtake him in his "passage thro' this vale of tears." The last hope, the only stay of thousands would be wrecked. How many helpless beings, whose hunger the stores of Masonry now satisfy, would have to mourn the loss of their daily bread! How many, over whose trembling limbs Masonry now throws her mantle, would have to bear unclad "the peltings of the pitiless storm," and to seek on the cold earth for a resting place! Oh! it would be "snatching from the divine hand of Charity, the balm which she holds forth to heal the distress of her children, the cordial cup of consolation which she offers to the lip of calamity, and the sustenance her fainting infants should receive from the bosom of her celestial love."

Since then so much depends upon our secrecy, can you wonder at the strictness and vigilance, with which it has been observed; that no powers of persuasion have been able to win, no human violence to extort from us any key or clue that would enable a cowan to enter within the sacred veil of our mysteries; would you not rather feel surprised, if there could be found a man so base as to betray them? It is impossible; were there no other security against their disclosure, the interest and power of every Mason would be sufficient. "The sport would be too criminal to afford delight even to the most wicked of mankind."

Are any of my fair auditors desirous to learn why the doors of the lodge are closed against them? Think not that you are deemed unworthy: but having felt the power of your charms, we fear that should you once be admitted among us, we should cease to meet upon the level, equality would be destroyed; harmony would fly our meetings, and "that noble emulation of who should best work and best agree," would be changed into a jealous rivalry of who should bask in the sunshine of your favor. Instead of prosecuting our important labors, we should be found kneeling at the shrine of beauty, and feeding on the smiles of love; the oriental chair would ever be a sister's seat, and our hearts her trestle boards. Censure us not then, since your own charms exclude you; censure us not because nature has "cast you in heavenly mould," and given you power supreme over the hearts of men. But there are other, and still stronger reasons which forbid your participation in our labors. At every step in Masonry, we are exposed to hardships and dangers, which you, from your tender frame and timid nature, are little calculated to encounter. Nature too has placed woman in

a great measure above the benefits of Masonry; she shudders at the shadow of vice; her heart is the home of every virtue, she is free from most temptations that lead man astray; and the compasses, the square, and the plumb would be useless in her hands, for there is a monitor within her own bosom that urges her to the practice of the lessons derived from them. Nor is masonry necessary to prompt her to deeds of benevolence, her feeling heart is "open as day to melting charity;" her lovely cheek is ever ornamented with the dew-drop of sympathy, as she listens to the tale of misfortune; her fair hand never withholds the pittance due to misery and want. But think not, because you are exempted from the labours, that you have therefore no interest in the prosperity of the craft; their labours are often directed to the promotion of your happiness; and the helpless female will never appeal in vain to the genuine mason, for protection.

Companions and brothers, the eyes of the world are upon us, and the world judges not in charity. Every false step we make retards the march of Masonry. Every dishonorable act of which we are guilty, not only sinks us, but the institution of which we are members, in the public estimation. How cautious, then, should we be in our deportment. How important that we should show forth, in our intercourse with the world, those noble and virtuous sentiments imbibed in the lodge: then indeed we should "by well doing put to silence the tongues of foolish men." Let us then firmly resolve to day, that we will in future suffer no temptation to lead us from the path of virtue and honour. Let us be guided in our dealings by the plumb of rectitude, and, testing all our actions by the square of virtue, ever "keep eternity in view." Let us cultivate every benevolent and philanthropic feeling of the heart, and prove by our conduct that masonry teaches. "peace on earth and good will to man;" never forgetting that we are dependent creatures, and that the boon which to day we cruelly withhold from another, tomorrow we may have to crave for ourselves. Let it not then be said when calamity comes upon us, that when we revelled in fortune, we were never known to pity or alleviate the misfortunes of our fellow creatures. While such is our conduct, the black clouds of adversity may gather thick, and threaten to burst upon us, but we can defy her storms, for we shall bear about us,

"What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heartfelt joy.

I cannot close, without beseeching you, my brethren, as you regard the future standing and prosperity of your order to "*Mark well every entering in, and going forth of the tabernacle.*" Let not the trace of an unworthy footstep be found upon your holy ground. See that your doors are doubly ty-
led, against the intolerant bigot, and the faithless atheist. Permit not that lovely harmony which reigns among you, to be interrupted by the admission of those who delight in strife. Be careful, in the erection of your masonic edifice, you receive no materials which are not sound and well proportioned. Suffer not a false charity to mislead you in deciding upon the qualifications of an applicant; think not that you can convert bad men into good Masons; the experiment would be too dangerous; Masonry often mends, but seldom regenerates the heart.

And now may the all-wise and all powerful Architect of universal nature, grant you "wisdom to devise, and strength to execute every good and important work; may he look down with approbation upon all your earthly labors, "bless and prosper all your laudable undertakings," and may he,

"Give to the craft, from pole to pole,
The feeling heart, the pitying soul,
The gen'rous breast, the lib'ral hand,
Companion's balm, and mercy's band;

With charity, that pours around
The wine and oil, on misery's wound!
And heals the widow's, orphan's heart,
Deep pierc'd by sorrow's venom'd dart.

Then to his throne the craft shall raise
One deathless song of grateful praise:
And masons, men, in chorus join,
To hymn the pow'r of love divine.

That love supreme, thy love, O God!
Which Heaven itself shall pour abroad;
Till Light, Life, Peace, adorn the vale;
And Angels, men, pronounce, *all hail!*"

AN ADDRESS

On the Great Principles of Masonry, delivered before the brethren of Lexington Lodge No. 1, on Saturday evening Jan. 11, 1823, by brother JAMES M. PIKE, Past Master.

Published by request of the Lodge.

BRETHREN,

Flattered as I am, by this signal mark of distinction, in calling upon me, to discharge the important duties, for which we have this evening assembled; I cannot proceed, without expressing my sincere, and unfeigned gratitude. It is not the *first* proof I have had, of your kind feelings towards me; and the recollection of the obligations I am laid under by the *repeated* honours conferred, prompts me to undertake the task, notwithstanding I am conscious of my *great* inability, to do the subject justice. Were my abilities equal to my *wishes*, on this occasion, I am confident I should have the gratification of seeing "*none go away dissatisfied*;" but, as it has not been my lot, to receive the advantages of scarcely a *common* education, I feel apprehensive of the consequences, which perhaps *may* result from the attempt. However, knowing I am addressing those, who are connected with me, by the most sacred ties, that can "bind man, to his fellow-man;" I am strengthened to proceed, and encouraged to believe, that all imperfections will be excused, all faults forgiven.

To become a useful member of this ancient and honorable institution, has been my constant aim, since the moment I was introduced to the GREAT LIGHTS OF THE ORDER, and instructed in the moral duties they so forcibly inculcate. That I have been, (in some degree,) successful, I am justifiable in believing, from the repeated marks of distinction I have received at your hands. Should I be equally successful in accomplishing the task *now* before me, it will add another stimulus to my exertions, in the path of MASONIC DUTY.

For me to attempt to advance any thing new, in explanations of the GREAT PRINCIPLES OF MASONRY, would not only be presumptuous, but useless; the most I feel myself capable of doing, is to select and arrange the opinions of learned and distinguished brothers, within my knowledge; notice the admirable effects, the "wonder working" influence of masonry so evidently produces; exhibit facts within my own observation of its excellencies,—and endeavour, by the feeble and limited powers I possess, to impress upon the minds of my brethren, the indispensable necessity of strictly adhering

to those principles, which have ever given our order the supremacy over all other human institutions. WHAT are the great principles of masonry? Is there one person within these consecrated walls, that pleads ignorance of them? Can there be one person present who does not LOVE, CHERISH and REVERE them? I presume not. No brother, who witnessed with the *least* attention, our solemn ceremonies, (when properly conducted,) who reflects upon the duties enjoined upon him, at his reception and advancement,—and takes into consideration the moral application of the various implements of architecture, presented for his use, can possibly be destitute of a knowledge of its general principles. If we revert to that memorable period, when we were instructed “never to loose sight of the moral application” of one of our most useful instruments;—one, which our MASONIC CONSTITUTIONS inform us, is *particularly* dedicated to the craft; if we revert to that period, (I say,) my brethren, we are forcibly and emphatically reminded of its vital principles, FRIENDSHIP, MORALITY and BROTHERLY LOVE; and by these, masonry lives, and breathes, and has existence. That we may be more fully impressed, with the necessity of a strict adherence to the practice of our respective duties, as masons, which brings into operation, *these*, the fundamental principles; let us revert to a still earlier period of our acquaintance with them; when in the humble condition of supplicants for the right and mysteries of the order, we *asked* and *received*, *sought* and *found*, *knocked* and were *introduced*. Taught the necessity of being solemnly impressed with the importance of our undertaking; an invocation to the ever living source of all earthly happiness, inspired; and the communication from the east, encouraged us to *proceed* under the conduct of a “*true and trusty friend*,” who led us by a way that we knew not, and in paths we had not known. The several obstructions we met with in our passage to the ground floor of the MASONIC TEMPLE, taught us, most emphatically taught us, to be circumspect in all our doings, and to be particularly careful, never to suffer materials to pass through the portals of our understanding, that would not be susceptible of receiving, by the moral use and application of the *common gavel*, that preparation and fitness, so essentially necessary for the masonic edifice, without which, it would unavoidably fall to ruin and decay.

As by the wise regulations of our first MOST EXCELLENT GRAND MASTER, the sound of the axe, hammer or any other tool of iron, was not heard at the building of the first temple,

from which time I date speculative masonry, so should WE, in pursuing the course, then adopted by his *wisdom*, *strengthened* by the prompt co-operation of his princely coadjutor, and *beautified* by the virtuous and ever-to-be-remembered TYRIAN Architect,—so shall WE, (I repeat,) never suffer aught to be introduced among the materials which compose our MASONIC TEMPLE, that is not strictly calculated to promote the *great* objects for which *Speculative Masonry* was contrived. When ordered to retrace a part of our steps, and then instructed to advance in a masonic manner, it taught us we should be ever ready, upon all occasions, when digressing from the correct path of duty, laid down by the ALMIGHTY GRAND MASTER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH, whose aid we had implored and in whom we had reposed our *trust*, it taught us, I say, we should be *ever* ready to repent our error, and willingly submit to the conduct of masonry's guardian angel, *Virtue*; who is always to be found, in every GENUINE LODGE OF MASONS, ready and willing, to “give the *necessary instructions*,” and point out the proper course for ALL to pursue, who are desirous of receiving the *rights, lights* and *benefits* of her influence. Let us, my brethren, dwell one moment, upon this *particular* period of our introduction; let us reflect upon the character we then sustained, the humble position in which we were placed, the impressive solemnities which followed: and bringing to recollection those *emphatic words*, by which the GRAND MASTER of the UNIVERSE brought order and regularity out of chaos and confusion, let us pause, and seriously reflect upon the great FUNDAMENTAL DUTIES, then enjoined upon us. The three great lights of masonry, and the moral instruction they convey, ought never,—can never be forgotten by the *good mason*. When invested with the important secrets, and taught the advantages we should derive from their use, we find ourselves imperceptibly drawn into the bonds of union, and feel sensibly impressed with the importance of the connexion.

The ancient and honorable badge we next receive, is taken with such emotion, by the man who feels as he should feel on this occasion, as to prevent his ever making use of it afterwards, without being strongly “reminded of that purity of life and conduct, which is essentially necessary to his gaining admission into the CELESTIAL Lodge,” “not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.” Now, placed as the *first stone* in the masonic edifice, we receive the necessary instructions, whereon to build our future happiness. I will not weary you, my brethren, with a recapitulation of all the duties we were

then charged to inculcate; every brother, who will attentively read the 8th chapter of our excellent Constitutions, will there find more to convince him of the necessity of strictly adhering to these duties, than my feeble powers can possibly convey, by illustration. Allow me, however, to ask a few questions. How near do we come to the discharge of those **THREE DUTIES**, which, as masons, we were charged most particularly to inculcate? Do we never mention the name of Deity, "but with that reverential awe, which is due from a creature to his creator?" Do we square our actions by those sublime principles of virtue, which teach us to do unto others, as we would they should do unto us? And have we, my brethren, so completely avoided those irregularities in ourselves, as not to have impaired our faculties, or debased the dignity of our profession? For myself, I am constrained by one tenet of our profession, to acknowledge, I have not;—yet I must be permitted to declare, that from the moment I became duly impressed with those great and important duties, I have endeavoured, as far as my rude, imperfect and stubborn disposition would permit, to attach myself to them, in order that I might, as I was then promised, enjoy, and *deservedly* enjoy, both public and private esteem.

Having been successful in my exertions beyond my most sanguine expectations, I now take peculiar pleasure in declaring to all who are actuated by similar motives, that they may rest assured, their labours in this great and glorious undertaking *will not go unrewarded*.

Now leaving the grand floor, we ascend the flight of winding stairs; in our passage, we find fresh incitements to prompt us to pursue our labours, with *freedom, fervency, and zeal*; and keeping those qualifications in view, let us freely acknowledge the correctness of the traditional illustrations we receive, when, by reference to the great rule and guide of our faith, we find the tradition corroborated, and that the inspired writers of that sacred volume maintain beyond the power of contradiction, the propriety of our rites; that is, to those who subscribe to this authority; and none others, I presume, have the temerity to call themselves **MASONS**.

Having *freely* acknowledged the correctness of those illustrations, let us be *fervent* in our belief of their propriety, and *zealously* determined to support, with undaunted perseverance, the useful lessons they unfold; that, in the language of our constitutions, "we may be enabled to transmit, unimpaired, through a succession of ages, the excellent tenets of our institution."

We next find ourselves received and recorded in a place, representing the middle chamber of KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE; and here, in allusion to our ancient operative brethren, having wrought our six days, we rest, and receive those wages, which to all, who have been diligent and faithful, afford *nourishment, refreshment, and joy.*

The inimitable moral to which that circumstance alludes, being fully explained, we have presented for our cultivation, a field, rich with valuable knowledge, bounded by reason and sacred record, which is not only interesting and instructive, but presents to the view of the candid and industrious mason, such a regular system of morality, as will lead him ever to cherish, ever to revere, ever to defend.

Before we leave the middle chamber, my brethren, we are again impressively reminded of our FIRST DUTY, and the reverence we owe to that supreme and exalted character, who requires this duty implicitly to be observed; and when we have passed the various trials and difficulties, incidental in a regular passage to the unfinished *sanctum sanctorum*, and been solemnly admonished "to remember our Creator," and that too, "in the days of our youth," we *must* (if we will) acknowledge, that we have no apology to make, no excuse to offer, nor possible reason to give, why we have neglected to discharge the *first duty*, which the *great principles of masonry* demand of us.

Alas! my brethren, we permit the ungentlemanly and contemptible practice of profanity, which is odiously fashionable in the world, to get the better of our good sense, and although, when reminded, we readily admit the impropriety, yet we have suffered ourselves to become so much habituated to it, we lose sight of our obligations, and forget the duties we are bound to discharge, and thus by removing the FOUNDATION STONE of our MASONIC EDIFICE, the whole of our duties become a mass of neglected (I will not say rejected) materials; and we remain, in the eyes of the world, living monuments of the falsity of our profession. For I unhesitatingly give it as my opinion, that he, who willfully forgets the *duty* he owes his CREATOR, can, in a very short time, be led to forget his duty to his neighbor, his duty to himself; and on these THREE DUTIES, rest the GREAT PRINCIPLES OF MASONRY.

Having now, my brethren, conducted you up the three first steps of masonry, and endeavoured, "according to the best of my skill and ability," to give my views upon its prin-

ciples, let me embrace this opportunity of calling your attention to the various methods by which we have been introduced to the *rights, lights and mysteries* of the order; for, on this subject, I regret to say, more contention has existed in the masonic world than should be; except governed by the laudable principle, which the moral application of the *trowel* dictates.

It is useless to deny, that the methods of work in the respective Lodges under this jurisdiction, have, and do vary, and that very essentially; and, although I now contend, as I have always contended, that the most prominent land-marks of the order have been, by each method, (in a manner) preserved, yet I hesitate not to declare, that the difference of work arises principally from an ignorance of that traditional information, which can only be communicated orally. However, if proper attention were paid to the "Regulations for the conduct and behaviour of Ancient York Masons," as contained in the sixth chapter of our most excellent Masonic Constitutions, together with the four succeeding chapters, I am induced to believe, that those who did once have a full knowledge of the oral tradition, would not now be ignorant of it. The Constitutions, my brethren, like the Bible, notwithstanding we are all ready and willing to admit their authority, are so seldom perused that most of us are ignorant of what they actually contain.

I consider I hazard nothing when I assert that two thirds of the officers of Lodges, (to say nothing about the balance of the members,) never open the Book of Constitutions, except when called upon in Lodge to perform some part of the ceremonies. How is it possible, my brethren, when suffering ourselves to neglect the Book of Constitutions, that we should retain a proper knowledge of the rites and ceremonies they require us to perform, the explanations and illustrations they command us to give? It is well known to all, that this Book of Masonic Constitutions or Illustrations of Masonry, was compiled by the direction of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, and adopted by them for the regulation and government of the subordinate Lodges under their jurisdiction; and to past and present Masters within the sound of my voice, it is further known, that previous to their introduction to the oriental chair, they were required solemnly to promise a strict observance of them. Yet we do, many times, without reflecting upon this circumstance, or consulting this authority, pronounce such a piece of work wrong,

and such an innovation committed, when we should find, upon candid reference to the proper source, that instead of the work being imperfect, or innovation introduced by others, we ourselves stand charged in our own consciences, with a great dereliction of duty. Our worthy Brothers MOORE and CLARKE, to whose exertions we are indebted for this excellent work, must stand high in the estimation of every Mason who is acquainted with it. No illustration or explanation contained therein can be pointed out by the most sceptical mind, that is not corroborated by our traditional knowledge of Masonic mysteries and in perfect unison with the "*great rule and guide*" of our Masonic ceremonies. Why do we not attend to it? Why, at many of our initiations, do we merely exhibit to the candidate the ceremonies pertaining to the first section of the work, without giving him those satisfactory explanations which the second section informs us it is our duty to know, and without a knowledge of which we might be led into the grossest error? Why do we neglect these things? Let not our answer be, we are unable to do better for the want of information, for it is in the power of us all to acquire it by a little application; and "he who will not be endeavoring to add to the common stock of knowledge and understanding must be considered a drone in our hive and unworthy our protection as Masons." Perhaps it may be asked where the compilers of this work got their information? I answer from masonic record. Search the authorities on the subject from the *remotest ages* to the present period, and you will find the same grand rules laid down, the same work required. This makes our Constitutions still more valuable, for while I find those zealous labourers in the cause of Masonry carefully studying beauty, regularity, order and uniformity, I also find they have been scrupulously tenacious of the ancient landmarks of the order, and preserved them pure and unchanged from their primary state. Let us then, as Past Masters, imitate their example, and continue their preservation of our ancient mysteries; determined that while we repel innovation with firmness, we will not suffer ourselves to neglect the *beauties* of the work so clearly demonstrated in their remarks upon the several Masonic lectures, but following with a laudable spirit of emulation their illustrations of the order, secure to ourselves the happiness of being enabled to dispense such information to the unenlightened as will *square, mark, number and polish* all the work of our

hands and render it in every respect "fit for the builder's use." Thus, and thus only shall we, in my humble estimation, render ourselves worthy of the honors we have had conferred upon us, and merit the confidence we have had reposed in us. This standard has been erected by the highest human authority we have to acknowledge as masters, or overseers of work, in ancient craft Masonry, and having accepted the important trust of protecting and supporting it as past masters, I again say let us endeavor to propagate the genuine principles it requires of us, and consider that the happiness of our brethren will be generally promoted, in proportion to the zeal and ability, with which we manage the work.

Since I have had the honour of being *one among you*, I have laboured hard in the Masonic vineyard, and hope it will not be considered arrogance in me, when I say, I think I have not laboured in vain, but brought to light some valuables from among the rubbish. Soon after I acquired what I consider a *correct* knowledge of the Masonic Lectures, I visited many Lodges in the state, and found each and every one of them had a method of work peculiar to itself, and very different from each other; and although they did not lose sight of those general marks of distinction, by which the Masonic family are known to each other throughout the world, yet the tradition relative thereto was very incorrect, very inconsistent, and in some instances even absurd. From that moment, I exerted myself by constitutional references, and traditional explanations, founded on reason, and established by sacred record, to prove their inaccuracies, inconsistencies and absurdities; and I have, at this moment, the satisfaction of knowing that there is a greater uniformity of work in our Lodges throughout this jurisdiction, than has been before for the last ten years. In the exertions I have made to accomplish this, (which we all agree is a very laudable object,) I have presented no work to my brethren, that I have not fairly and cautiously examined, tested and proved; and I consider it not improper here to observe that the criterion, by which I judge of *good work, fit for the builder's use*, is the accordance of our hieroglyphic instruction, with sacred history; and in comparing them I have studiously endeavored to be influenced only by candor and common sense. Although exceptions have been taken by some to the work I have recommended, and which by many Lodges is already adopted, and also to the explanations and illustrations

which the lectures appertaining to that work convey, still, I am satisfied, that if brethren who differ with me (in *manner only*, not in substance,) would carefully and candidly examine both, and pronounce impartially their opinions, uninfluenced by private feelings, or local prejudices; I am satisfied, I say, that they would do this work the justice to acknowledge that they hastily pronounced it wrong, and inconsiderately rejected it, as containing innovations.

The purpose of our *work* and lectures, and our symbolic mysteries, is to impress upon our minds the necessity of a strict observance of our duty; hence every feature of our *work* should be calculated to engage the attention, and imprint upon the memory lessons of *morality* and *virtue*. This I consider to be the proper object of all *work* presented for use; and if upon inspection, we find it calculated to inspire us with the high sense and importance of the great principles of our institution, retaining unimpaired and conspicuously exhibited, the ancient and original land marks, and rendered *square* and *perfect* by the *test of truth*, we should not hesitate a moment to receive it; for by such work, and such only, is our Masonic edifice to be erected. If then, this is the object of the work, where is the objection to curs? Is it not calculated to teach us in the most impressive manner, the necessity of strictly adhering to every principle of *morality* and *virtue*, zealously to pursue a correct and undeviating course in the discharge of the duties required of us, and carefully to preserve and cherish with unshaken fidelity, the mysteries of the order? In short, is there an exceptionable feature in our work that can be substantiated by argument, if that argument be *squared* by the *test of truth*? Perhaps the objection may arise merely from a difference between *this* work and the work heretofore in use. In fact, I sincerely believe that with a large majority of those of my brethren opposed to them, it does. If so, it can be removed by the single fact, that this work containing all the information of the other, has the authority of the Constitutions and Holy Scriptures to support it; while it is impossible, agreeably to the other work, to conform even to the Book of Constitutions. This may appear to you, my brethren, a bold assertion, but I pledge myself to support it by a reference to the book itself.

But, my brethren, the object for which I have been induced to make the foregoing remarks, cannot be attained by writing or extemporaneous declamation. No; the only

method by which we can possibly determine what is correct, or what is not correct, relative to this subject, is by candidly and impartially investigating both. This is to be done by conversation and oral argument, to which I earnestly invite every brother, who differs with me in opinion, and am exceedingly solicitous for an interview of the kind with some of my old and intelligent brethren; because it will give me an opportunity, not only of convincing them that I am open to conviction and ready to receive instruction, but anxious, if wrong, to make a public declaration of my error to the whole fraternity. For if I have a right conception of Masonry, it is my duty upon all occasions, when convinced of an error, to acknowledge it, and to set about repairing the injury this error may have occasioned. And let the information come from what source it may, I consider that I am bound to listen with profound attention, until I am convinced uninfluenced by interest, favour or prejudice. This I believe to be magnanimous, to be masonic. And this I do assure you, my brethren, I will do with regard to the lectures on Masonry as I give them, the moment I am convinced of their inaccuracy; and I again repeat my invitation to all the Craft, and beseech each or either of them to *admonish* me of my errors, whenever they perceive them, and to aid me in a reformation. This I ask of you, my brethren, upon the five bonds of our mutual fellowship; and when I fail to conform to what I have asserted, consider me no longer worthy your regard, but as a useless and improper piece of work for the Masonic edifice, hesitate not a moment to *heave me over among the rubbish*.

And now, allow me to trespass upon your patience a few moments longer, while I address that portion of my brethren who have advanced to higher orders; and derived the advantages which flow from a superior knowledge of our mysteries. We, my companions, cannot be insensible, that the exalted station we occupy, not only draws upon us the scrutinizing eyes of the world at large, but those also of our brethren, who have not received the degrees, which have been conferred upon us. All will be justified in expecting that our conduct and behaviour will be such as may be safely imitated. Let us, therefore, continue our progress from the third degree, and review a part of our additional duties. After having by the kind assistance of our brethren at Joppa, been enabled to reach the Temple, present our work, and receive the wages due to all *true and faithful* crafts-

men, having been presented with the *white stone*, with the *new name* written therein, and beautifully instructed in the *great value and importance of the mark*; we pass the *Oriental Chair* of king Solomon, and witness the celebration of the *Cape Stone*. At this solemn and impressive ceremony, let us stop, and take into serious consideration *ONE* of our duties as *MOST EXCELLENT MASTERS*; which is, to dispense *correct masonic light and truth* to the uninformed mason, and to discharge this duty, we ought to be in possession of an accurate knowledge of the lectures of each degree. If, unfortunately, from the nature of our situation, profession, or occupation, we are not enabled to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the lectures to disseminate them ourselves, let us not, my companions, derogate so far from our characters, as to throw impediments in the way of those, who have acquired a knowledge of them, and are desirous to discharge their duty; but let us, on the contrary, use every exertion in our power, to *promote so glorious a purpose*, and to assist them in widely disseminating all work that is calculated for the advancement of genuine masonry. The advantages which the craft will receive therefrom, will naturally follow, carrying in their train such indisputable proofs of the utility of our Institution, as will *animate and encourage* all who feel interested in its prosperity, and *confound and dismay its enemies*. And while we are engaged in rebuilding our *second Temple* let us be careful to *observe and preserve* every thing that will have a tendency to remind us of our duties, or incite us to a prompt discharge of them; and being united in one object, without lukewarmness, inattention or neglect; possessing a laudable zeal for the propagation of the most excellent precepts of Haggai, Jeshua, and Zerubbabel, with the fidelity and perseverance of those worthies who laboured in the ruins of the first Temple, aided by a sincere affection for each other, let us endeavour to promote each other's welfare, and let us rejoice in each other's prosperity. Having passed the confines of Persia, surmounted every difficulty, and received from the hands of an illustrious MONARCH the badge of *IMMORTAL GREEN*; being stimulated by this *perpetual memorial*, to discharge all the duties enjoined upon us, let us not forget that the distinguishing characteristics of *these degrees* are *Faith, Hope, and Charity; Justice, Fortitude and Mercy*. And after having faithfully finished the *work* assigned to us here below, may we be cordially received into that *SACRED ASYLUM*.

LUM "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

In drawing to a conclusion, permit me to express my thanks to you, my brethren and companions, for the kind attention you have paid to *this*, my first attempt at regular composition. If I have answered your expectations, and discharged the duty in a manner suitable to the object in view, I shall feel proud indeed. If I have not, I am confident you will attribute it, not to a lack of disposition, but of ability; recollecting that "where little is given, little can be required."

Finally, my brethren, let us one and all, endeavour, according to the best means in our power, to support and maintain with a resolution firm and unshaken, the excellent tenets of our profession, and great principles of the order; and although ignorance, prejudice, slander, and jealousy may at times have the affrontery to raise their malignant heads, attempt to impede our work, and to introduce disorder and confusion among the Craft—yet while arrayed in *Truth*, having at our command *Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice*, we may singly take the field, and openly defy their united efforts to injure *the great and glorious cause in which we are engaged*. And as it happened to Haman of old, the evil they meditate for others, will recoil with increased impetuosity upon themselves; and the heaven-born principles of our order, instead of sustaining diminution from their anti-masonic exertions, will shine forth with redoubled splendour, displaying to the world the happy effects produced by a sacred band of friends, connected by the cement of *brotherly love* and affection, among whom only exists a noble contention, or rather emulation of who can best work, who can best agree.

And when we shall have completed our *task* in this world, and *it is the will and pleasure* of our HEAVENLY GRAND MASTER to call us to another, may we be found *duly and truly prepared, worthy and well qualified* to enter in *due form* the celestial Lodge above, and there receive the *ineffable degree* of LIFE EVERLASTING.—God bless you.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Natchez Royal Arch Chapter is working by the authority of a warrant granted by the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States of America, bearing date the 13th September, A. L. 5822, and given under the hand and seal of the M. E. Philip V. Eccles, G. G. Scribe.

At a stated meeting of the Natchez Royal Arch Chapter, held on the 18th January, A. L. 5823, the following companions were elected officers for the ensuing twelve months, viz:

M. E. Henry Tooley, H. P.

E. Edward Turner K.

E. Henry Postlethwaite, S.

Comp. Fountain Winston, C. Host.

Comp. Peter Little, P. Sojourner.

Edward Broughton, R. A. C.

Joseph E. Davis, G. Master 3d Vail.

Samuel Davis, G. Master 2d Vail.

Robert Parkinson, Grand Master 1st Vail.

James Foster, Treasurer.

George Fisher, Secretary.

Joseph Newman, Steward and Centinel.

The regular meetings of the Natchez Royal Arch Chapter are held on the third Saturday in each month.

At a stated meeting of the brethren of Kenhawa Lodge No. 104, held at their Lodge Room in Charleston, Va on Monday the 9th December, A. L. 5822, the following brethren were chosen officers for the ensuing year, viz:

Bro. John Welch, Master.

James C. McFarland, Senior Warden.

James A. Lewis, Junior Warden,

Mason Campbell, Secretary.

John P. Turner, Treasurer.

New-Haven, Con. Jan. 8, 1823.

In pursuance of public notice, given in the papers of the city by the committee appointed for the purpose of drawing up articles of Association, to be adopted as the Constitution of the New-Haven Masonic Palestine Missionary Society, and to solicit the subscriptions of the brethren thereto—a meeting of the members was held at the Lodge Room of Hiram Lodge, No. 1, on the 6th inst. at which time the following officers were elected for the year ensuing: viz.

Br. Hezekiah Hotchkis, <i>Pres.</i>	Rev. Br. B. M. Hill, <i>Vice Pres.</i>
Br. Jeremy L. Cross,	Philip Saunders, <i>Treasurer.</i>
Zebul Bradley,	M. A. Durand, <i>Cor. Sec'ry.</i>
Joel Atwater,	Sebastian M. Dutton, <i>R. Sec'ry.</i>
W. Boardman, <i>Directors.</i>	

MOBILE, ALABAMA, Dec. 30.

On Friday last, (the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist,) the members of Mobile Lodge assembled at 9, A. M. and installed the officers elect. At half past 12, a procession was formed, and, preceded by a band of music, moved from Masonic Hall, and proceeded to the new Church, where, after musical performances, (vocal and instrumental,) intervened by an able prayer from the Rev. Mr. Bell, (a member of the fraternity,) an impressive oration was delivered by Mr. Elliot, High Priest of the Royal Arch Chapter of this city, and Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Alabama. Next a melodious Anthem was well performed, and after a second address to the throne of the Supreme Architect of the Universe, the procession returned to the Hall, and at the appointed hour sat down to a sumptuous dinner, prepared for the occasion by Mr. Clark, (one of the Craft)

After several songs and toasts had gone round, the festivities closed at a seasonable hour, in harmony and good fellowship. The oration we shall not attempt to give a full description of. The rise and progress of masonry, the duties it inculcates, the relation a mason bears to a brother, to the widow and orphan of a brother, to society and to his Maker, the foundation on which the order rests, were happily illustrated in a short compass.

LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CAUSES WHY THE FEMALE SEX ARE NOT SUFFICIENTLY RESPECTED.

I shall, perhaps, be told, that my lucubrations upon this subject are gratuitous; that it is not apparent that women have not attained their proper standing in society;—but my remarks do not apply to any particular age or condition, young or old, married or single. In the days of gallantry, in the prime of beauty or *fashion*, every young woman will receive attention enough upon one score or another, to turn any head which has not been previously fortified by judicious instruction: where it *has*, this kind of attention, paid neither by the heart nor the understanding, will pass current for its true value, O.

Among others, I take this opportunity to depreciate the coin; assuring them, that the only conditions upon which they can hold a continued influence in society, entitling themselves to the respect of those whose respect they must value, are *the improvement of the mind and the disposition*.

The education of females, on the ground of their being intellectual beings, seems, in our country, to be almost a new theory; our schools are still very inadequate, and the systems pursued, imperfect. The old fashioned notions, that women were only born to be the slaves, the ministers, the drudges of men, fit only to make puddings, rear babies, and look after the household concerns, still continue to operate, and to prevent the establishment of any sufficient plans of education.

Where care has been actually given to their early mental improvement, how long has it been continued? till the young lady's mind has just arrived at the period where it needs most attention. At sixteen or seventeen she is sent forth into the world, and were it not for her natural accuteness and ingenuous shame of falling behind her companions, or not fulfilling the wishes of her

friends, the time must have proved far too short to have attained any useful knowledge. A little music, a little painting, and a little dancing, must have proved the sum of her accomplishments; acts admirably adapted to qualify her to be a companion for her husband, and a *mother* of her children.

We will suppose her to have '*come out*,' as it is called; she has entered into the gay and fashionable world—into the grand mart, where her hand is to be disposed of at public sale, or her heart by private contract. Balls and parties, dress and visits, employ her whole time, and occupy even her dreaming imagination. She becomes what she deems most excellent, a *belle*; fops and fools enough are at hand to convince her that she is such, to admire and flatter; the wise grieve, and the sex in her person suffers degradation.

Perhaps still less thought is bestowed upon the forming of an amiable disposition: in subduing the little infirmities of the heart, its pride, its vanity, which give rise to irritations and offence, and are totally inconsistent with the true female character. Naturally kind and feeling as their hearts certainly are, their good feelings will be inevitably destroyed, should ambition or avarice, or love of show, get possession of the mind. She is beautiful, she is rich; and some injudicious relative, proud of her figure, and deriving consideration from her celebrity, instead of fortifying her heart against wordly follies, (for folly it is that sighs for a crown as well as for a ribband,) uses his influence to prevent what nature had made fair and ingenuous; and if perverted it actually becomes, the good weep and the sex is depreciated.

Under all their disadvantages of free thought and action, I only wonder, that females are so good, so accomplished. Surely their innate principles of right and virtue, their *moral sense*, is purer and stronger than ours. Their conduct is, on the whole, wonderfully correct and appropriate; though the accursed Machiavelian Spirit of Coquetry allows them, in order to swell the number of their admirers, to make use of every art to entangle and ensnare the unsuspecting heart, and engage it in a hopeless passion, strong in proportion to the mind that entertains it, though

that heartless, selfish, deceitful spirit, inculcated by certain letter writers, has had but too corrupting an influence over their native integrity, still they are, on the whole, more honest, purer, and better than ourselves.

In enumerating the causes why the sex are not duly estimated, I shall not forget our own follies and vices, unable to appreciate or to endure superior worth in a physically weaker race of beings.

Folly and impurity crowd the list of railers, and disappointment sends in her auxiliaries, with rankling wounds in bosoms festering with malice.

That prince of poetic railers, *Pope*, being made conscious of his bodily and mental deformities, by lady *Montague's* neglect, with all the petulance of a little mind, fell to scoffing at the whole sisterhood. In truth, it is not an easy thing to retain perfect equanimity of temper, when all our hopes and wishes, passions and emotions, are in a state of defeat and anarchy; but the rejected lover, if not wanting to himself, will always find sufficient means of consolation; if not overcome by the first tide of misfortune, his bark may weather out the storm, shattered perhaps, but not beyond repair.

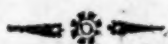
Without being offended at the whole sex, he may console himself with recalling and exaggerating the fair one's feelings; and seriously, I say, that whatever distinction fortune may make, there is one ground upon which, in this country, all may meet upon an equal footing. There is one ground upon which the lover, so far from being presumptuous in engaging hope, bestows the highest flattery upon his mistress; let him employ himself in improving his heart and understanding; in obtaining moral and mental worth; and when that fails, he may be sure that the fault or defect is not his; that the unworthiness is not on his side.



DR. JOHNSON'S OPINION OF WOMEN

At a dinner where there were many females present, Dr. Johnson maintained that "Ladies set no value on the moral character of men who pay their addresses to them; the greatest

profligate will be as well received, (he said,) as the man of the greatest virtue, and this by a very good woman—by a woman who says her prayers three times a day.” The Ladies endeavoured to defend their sex from this charge; but he roared them down. No, no: (he continued) a lady will take Jonathan Wild as readily as St. Austin, if he has three-pence more; and, what is worse, her parents will give her to him. Women have a perpetual envy of our vices; they are less vicious than we, not from choice, but because we restrict them; they are the slaves of order and fashion.”



HANS IN LUCK.

Hans had served his master seven years, and at last said to him, “Master, my time is up, I should like to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages.” And the master said, “you have been a faithful and good servant, so your pay shall be handsome.” Then he gave him a piece of silver as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket handkerchief, put the piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder and jogged off homewards. As he went lazying on, dragging one foot after another, a man came in sight trotting along gaily on a capital horse. “Ah!” said Hans aloud, “what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! there he sits as if he was at home in his arm chair; he trips against no stones, spares his shoes, and yet he gets on, he hardly knows how.” The horseman heard this and said, “well Hans, why do you go on foot then?” “Ah!” said he, “I have this load to carry; to be sure it is silver, but it is so heavy that I can’t hold up my head, and it hurts my shoulder sadly.” “What do you say to change,” said the horseman; “I will give you my horse, and you shall give me the silver.” “With all my heart” said Hans; “but I tell you one thing, you’ll have a weary task to drag it along.” The horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, gave him the bridle in his hand and said, “when you want to go very fast, you must smack your lips loud and cry Jip.”

Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse and rode merrily on.

After a time he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips, and cried "Jip." Away went the horse full gallop, and before Hans thought what he was about, he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch by the road side; and his horse would have run off, if a shepherd who was coming by, driving a cow, had not stopt it. Hans soon came to himself, and gets up on his legs again. He was sadly vexed, and said to the shepherd, "this riding is no joke when a man get on a beast like this, that stumbles and flings him off as if he would break his neck. However, I am off now, once for all; I like your cow a great deal better; one can walk along at one's leisure behind her, and have milk, butter and cheese, every day into the bargain. What would I give to have such a cow?" "Well" said the shepherd, "if you are so fond of her; I will change my cow for your horse." "Done," said Hans merrily. The shepherd jumped upon the horse, and away he rode.

Hans drove off his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one. "If I have only a piece of bread, and I certainly shall be able to get that, I can, whenever I like, eat my butter and cheese with it; and when I am thirsty, I can milk my cow, and drink the milk; what can I wish for more?" When he came to an inn he halted, ate up all his bread, and gave away his last penny for a glass of beer; then he drove his cow toward his mother's village, and the heat grew greater as noon came on, till at last he found himself in a wide heath that would take him more than an hour to cross, and he began to be so hot and parched that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. "I can find a cure for this," thought he; "now will I milk my cow and quench my thirst;" so he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leathern cap to milk into; but not a drop was to be had.

While he was trying his luck, and managing the matter very clumsily, the uneasy beast gave him a kick on the head that knocked him down, and here he lay a long time senseless. Luckily a butcher soon came by driving a pig in a wheelbarrow. "What is the matter with you?" said the butcher as he helped him up. Hans told him what had happened, and the butcher gave him a flask, saying, "there drink and refresh yourself;

your cow will give you no milk, she is an old beast, good for nothing but the slaughter house." "Alas, alas!" said Hans, "who would have thought it? If I kill her what will she be good for? I hate cow-beef, it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig now, one could do something with it, it would at any rate make some sausages." "Well," said the butcher, to please you, I'll change; and give you the pig for the cow." "Heaven reward you for your kindness!" said Hans, as he gave the butcher the cow, and took the pig off the wheelbarrow and drove it off, holding it by the string that was tied to its leg.

So on he jogged, and all seemed to go right with him; he had met with some misfortunes to be sure; but he was now well repaid for all. The next person he met was a countryman carrying a fine white goose under his arm. The countryman stopped to ask what was o'clock; and Hans told him all his luck, and how he had made so many good bargains. The countryman said he was going to take the goose to a christening; "feel," said he, "how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it may cut plenty of fat off it, it has lived so well!" "You're right," said Hans, as he weighed it in his hand; "but my pig is no trifle." Meantime the countryman began to look grave and shook his head. "Hark ye," said he, "my good friend, your pig may get you into a scrape; in the village I just came from, the squire has had a pig stolen out of his sty. I was dreadfully afraid, when I saw you, that you had got the squire's pig; it will be a bad job if they catch you; the least they'll do, will be to throw you into the horse-pond."

Poor Hans was sadly frightened. "Good man," cried he, "pray get me out of this scrape; you know this country better than I, take my pig and give me the goose." "I ought to have something in to the bargain," said the countryman; "however I will not bear hard upon you, as you are in trouble." Then he took the string in his hand, and drove off the pig by a side path; while Hans went on the way homewards free from care. "After all," thought he, "I have the best of the bargain; first there will be a capital roast; then the fat will find me in goose-grease for six months; and then there are all the beautiful white feathers; I will put them into my pillow, and then I am sure I shall

sleep soundly without rocking. How happy my mother will be!"

As he came to the last village, he saw a scissors grinder, with his wheel working away, and singing

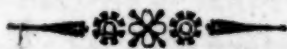
"O'er hill and o'er dale so happy I roam,
Work light and live well, all the world is my home;
Who so blythe, so merry as I?"

Hans stood looking for a while, and at last said, "You must be well off, master grinder, you seem so happy at your work." "Yes," said the other, "mine is a golden trade; a good grinder never puts his hands in his pocket without finding money in it; but where did you get that beautiful goose?" "I did not buy it; but changed a pig for it;" "and where did you get the pig?" "I gave a cow for it." "And the cow?" "I gave a horse for it." "And the horse?" "I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for that." "And the silver?" "Oh! I worked hard for that seven long years." "You have thriven well in the world hitherto," said the grinder; "now if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand into it, your fortune must be made." "Very true, but how is that to be managed?" "You must turn grinder like me," said the other, "you only want a grindstone, the rest will come of itself. Here is one that is a little the worse for the wear, I would not ask more than the value of your goose for it; will you buy?" "How can you ask such a question?" replied Hans, "I should be the happiest man in the world, if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket; what could I want more? There's the goose!" "Now," said the grinder, as he gave him a common rough stone that lay by his side, "this is a most capital stone; do but manage it cleverly, and you can make an old nail cut with it."

Hans took the stone and went off with a light heart; his eyes sparkled for joy, and he said to himself "I must have been born in a lucky hour; every thing that I want, or wish for, comes to me of itself."

Meantime he began to be tired, for he had been travelling ever since day break; he was hungry too, for he had given away his last penny in his joy at getting the cow. At last he could go no further, and the stone alone tired him terribly; he

dragged himself to the side of a pond, that he might drink some water, and rest a while; so he laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank; but as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, he pushed it a little, and down it went plump into the pond. For a while he watched it sinking in the deep clear water, then sprang up for joy, and again fell upon his knees, thanked heaven with tears in his eyes for its kindness in taking away his only plague, the ugly heavy stone. "How happy am I!" cried he, "no mortal was ever so lucky as I am." Then he got up with a light and merry heart, and walked on free from all his trouble till he reached his mother's house.



FROM THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE WILD ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

The evening air blew chilling cold; Dorothy threw her apron over her shoulders and went to the wood-house for faggots. Ellen was left alone, her eye fell on the stump of the withered rose tree; "That was Edward's gift," said she, mournfully, "peace is restored, he will soon return, he will think I have neglected it, for alas! it is withered. But no! Edward must come no more to our cottage." Hearing the returning step of Dorothy, she wiped away the starting tear, for well she knew her good mother would chide. Dorothy entered trembling. "Mercy! my child, come and listen, sure, I heard the church bell toll." Ellen turned pale—she listened with breathless expectation, again the heavy bell struck with awful reverberations; "Oh!" cried Ellen, clasping her hands together, "the news has arrived that Edward is killed." Vainly now did Dorothy call upon the name of her child, who lay senseless on the cold earth. Ellen was the lovely virtuous child of honest parents; but she was tenderly beloved by the son of the wealthy Dr. Hamilton. In the rural sports of the green in front of the mansion house, Edward had often gladly joined, often pressed the fair hand of Ellen with rapture to his lips, and breathed in her ear accents of pure unchangeable love; but paternal authority interposed; Edward was ordered to accept of the hand of the rich, the

haughty Miss Lyndal. His heart proudly revolted, yet to disobey a father hitherto fond and tender, was death. He implored a respite: Dr. Hamilton granted his petition, and the regiment in which Edward served was ordered to the lakes, yet his departing words breathed fervent, constant affection to his Ellen, and his parting gift was the rose tree which Ellen now bewailed. "For heaven's sake! my child" said Dorothy, "be composed, I will step to the gate. Bless me! as I live, here comes a soldier down the hill." The word revived Ellen; she flew to her mother's side. The soldier descended the hill, he seemed to walk feebly, and leaned on the shoulder of a boy. "Sure," thought Ellen, "that is Edward's form," but as he approached nearer, conjecture changed; his dress was shabby and disordered, his hair uncombed; and a bandage passed across his eyes, marked the sufferings he had endured in the dreadful scenes to which he had been exposed; for Edward it was, and love soon revealed him to the wonder-struck Ellen. In a moment both of his hands were seized by Dorothy and her child, who forgetting in the first joy at sight of him the shocking change of his appearance, led him in triumph to the cottage, but enquiry soon succeeded; and while Ellen fixed her eyes upon her withered rose tree, in anguish exclaiming, "alas, he cannot see it now," Edward began his recital. "When I left you my dear friends, in compliance with a father's commands, I marched with my regiment to the Canadas. Our troops were generally successful in their operations. I alone seemed doomed to feel disappointment and sorrow. An enterprise in which I was engaged required despatch and caution, when in a moment of general attack my dearest friend and earliest companion of my happy days, fell covered with wounds. Disobeying the strict orders of our commander, not to quit our posts, I bore him in my arms from the scenes of horror: for this I was broke and discharged with ignominy." Ellen wept; her heart was too full for utterance; the poor old woman sobbed aloud. "I returned" said Edward, "by the first conveyance that occurred, and returned but to see my father breathe his last. Even he too conspired against my happiness, for, would you believe it Ellen? he has 'disinherited me.'" "How," exclaimed Ellen, "is it in na-

ture to be so wicked! A child he ever loved so dearly!" "True," replied Edward, "but now behold me in sickness and sorrow, without a friend to comfort, or a house to shelter me." "Never, never, my dear young master," cried Dorothy, "While the sticks of this poor cot hang together." Ellen clasped his hand closer between her's but spoke not. On a sudden some recollection darted across her mind; she let his hand fall and sighed deeply. "What ails my Ellen?" asked Edward "will she not confirm the words of her mother?" "Ah me!" said Ellen, "I am thinking how happy Miss Lyndal will be to have the power of restoring you to wealth and comfort; she can do all that our wishes dictate."

"But if my Ellen gives me her love, replied Edward, "I will not seek the favor of Miss Lyndal." "And will you stay with us? Oh we shall be happy enough in that case and our debt of gratitude be in part discharged; for to you, Edward, we owe all: Your instructive care first raised my mind from ignorance and if a virtuous sentiment animates this breast, from you it derived its source." "You are unjust to yourself, Ellen; instruction, bestowed where there is not innate virtue, is like the vain attempt to cultivate a rocky soil. But how, my love, can you think of supporting an idle intruder? your means are but scant, though your heart is ample." "We will work the harder," said Dorothy! "We knit and spin, and have a thousand ways of getting a penny; and when you get strong and healthy, you shall work." "Edward work!" exclaimed the indignant Ellen. "And why not, my child?" rejoined Dorothy; "is there any disgrace in honest industry? Edward is not proud; and when with some juice of simples, which you, Ellen, shall gather, we have bathed his eyes, who knows but, by the favor of heaven, his sight may be restored? Thus Ellen, he will assist our labors, see our cheerful endeavours to make him forget his past misfortune, and we shall be the happiest family in the village." "Excellent creature!" cried Edward, "my whole life shall pass in active gratitude. But I must away, on the brow of the hill I left a weary traveller; I will bring him to taste a cup of your beer, and speed him on his journey." Ellen was unwilling that he should leave her so soon though but for a few minutes—but when

Edward continued absent above two hours, her terror was inexpressible! The night closed in and Edward did not return.—Ellen's couch was covered with tears, and morning found her pale and sad. She waited at the door with anxious expectation, and with a scream of joy exclaimed "he is coming!" He was supported by an elderly man; and Ellen hastened forward to give her assistance also, while Dorothy prepared their homely breakfast. Edward seemed breathless with fatigue, and the stranger accounted for the delay, by saying that he had wandered up the country, fearing his companion had forgotten him. "You are cold and wet!" said Ellen. "No my love; you see I have a great coat. I found my little parcel at the house where I rested last night." "And that house, which was once your own cruel father's should now be yours," said Ellen. "But, no; he was not cruel, for he has given you to us." "Come, come, this is fine talking," cried Dorothy, "while the poor youth is cold and hungry; and see the tears, how they flow down his cheeks. "Do your eyes pain you, Edward?" enquired the fair one: "let me wash them with spring water." "They do indeed," said he. In the tenderest manner, she removed the bandage; and his expressive hazle eye met her's beaming joy and love. She receded with a scream of joy and surprise. He threw off his coat, and discovered his dress decorated with every military honour.—"Forgive this deception, it was my father's stratagem; and here he is, a witness to your disinterested affection. I am not dishonored, but promoted by my commander to a high military rank." "It is true indeed," said the old gentlemen, "I suspected my son of an unworthy choice, dictated this stratagem as a means of confirmation. Miss Lyndal disdained a poor infirm soldier and now my son has to sue you for your acceptance of him." Dumb gratitude seized the agitated Ellen.

She fell at the feet of Dr. Hamilton, bathed his hands with her tears and tried in vain to express the sensations of her heart. The rustic breakfast passed some time unregarded, till composure was restored, and the generosity of his attention, gave the doctor an increased relish for the repast. "Your rose tree is withered," said Ellen, "indeed I could not preserve it." "Heed it not," returned Edward, "it was a hot house plant and could

not endure the pinching breeze of mischance. You are the blooming wild rose of the valley whose native sweetness is but increased by the imperfect culture it received.

—“Let me transplant thee to a richer soil,
And of my garden be the pride and joy”

Ellen, with joy the most pure, gave her hand to Edward, who that day conveyed her to the mansion house, where the rejoicing inhabitants of the neighbourhood came to make their sincere congratulations; and in the happiness of the young pair Dr. Hamilton found his cure; and the aged Dorothy sunk into a peaceful grave, beloved and revered by her dutiful daughter, and to the arms of Dr. Hamilton is now added with proud triumph, the blooming wild rose of the valley.



JUVENILE EXERCISES.

FROM THE LEXINGTON FEMALE ACADEMY.

ON CONVERSATION

Conversation is one of the greatest blessing, of life; it is an intercourse of mind, an interchange of thought, a sympathy of affections. It polishes the manners, softens the temper, expands the mind, enlarges the heart, and is one of the chief springs of social delight. But as the best things may be perverted and abused, so conversation has been the occasion of strife and discord, among the nearest connexions and dearest friends, and is frequently instrumental in exciting the worst and most turbulent of the passions.

The faculty of speech was bestowed upon us for wise and benevolent purposes, but when it is employed in propagating slander, and in exciting animosities among our fellow men, it then becomes a *fire, a world of iniquity*. Evil speaking is almost universal. It taints in a greater or less degree the conversation of the wisest and best of men. There are a number of things not so detrimental to society as conversation often is, which many would reject with scorn and shudder to commit; while they heartily engage in calumny, without considering that it is not only mean and criminal in itself, but is extensively injurious in its

effects. Although many are actuated by malignant motives, and unfeeling hearts, to speak ill of their neighbours, yet thoughtlessness, (an evil habit,) and improper examples, are frequently the causes of that detestable practice. We are commanded to *speak ill of no man*, yet I think in some instances it is excusable and even laudable. It is certainly justifiable to speak evil of another, to vindicate our own character from aspersions which may be thrown upon it. But then, we should confine ourselves to those circumstances only, which concern ourselves. The pain which we experienced, from being calumniated, should induce us carefully to guard against giving pain to others, by repeating those things which may be true, but which there is no necessity to relate. With propriety we may admonish others of their faults, but from a regard which we should have for the feelings of every one, that admonition should be made privately; and therefore it is our duty to be careful lest we expose those faults to the eyes of a censorious public. By *exhorting one another daily*, we might prove a mutual benefit, since we all possess many foibles perceptible to each other, which are not so to ourselves.

Neither can there be any impropriety in pointing out to those whom it is our duty to instruct, the failings of others, that they may learn to profit by example, and guard against similar errors. But this ought to be done from the best of motives, and not to gratify evil, or ill-natured feelings. How void of philanthropy, of every spark of humanity, must that man be, who can coolly and deliberately fabricate a falsehood, and propagate it, to the injury and mortification of others.

It is certainly most extraordinary, that every one should be so prone to discover blemishes in others, when we are sensible, there is no individual exempt from faults. Many cannot be conveniently reprimanded for slander, since they disseminate their poison by hints, winks, and oblique insinuations; they are as moles working in the dark, as serpents, which send forth, their envenomed stings from beneath the beautiful foliage of nature.

As calumny proceeds more frequently from vacuity of thought, than malicious designs, let us study to acquire solid and extensive knowledge, and cultivate our colloquial powers. The first

will furnish topics for conversation, the latter will render those topics interesting and instructive.

Language is the great prerogative of rational beings; it is a vehicle to diffuse the intellectual treasures of man, but it is to be regretted, it is so often freighted with gewgaws and childish baubles. The power of language is certainly not to be lightly appreciated, but should be used with judgment; for those who cannot converse are as miserable to themselves, as incessant tattleers are disagreeable to others. A gentleman who had acquired immense possessions by sea, complained to a friend, that he was invited to conversations, he went to conversations; but alas! he had no conversation. From this instance we may observe, of how much greater importance it is to acquire intellectual wealth, than to spend a lifetime in heaping up gold and silver, in expectation that they will supercede the necessity of every thing else.

"Hail conversation, heavenly fair,
Thou bliss of life, and balm of care,
Still may thy gentle reign extend,
And Taste, with Wit and Science blend."

EVENING.

The sun, retiring, gilds the glowing west,
And throws a varied mantle o'er the sky;
Then, 'neath the hills, he slowly sinks to rest,
His last beams fading to a purple dye.

Soft twilight, now, spreads o'er the face of heav'n,
And veils the crimson clouds, with sombre grey;
This is the hour to contemplation given,
When *Silence*, thoughtfully, resumes her sway.

The changing concave, now, deep azure glows,
And brilliant *Hesper* meets our wondering eyes,
The stars, successively, their beams disclose,
Till hosts unnumbered, sparkling, light the skies.

But, lo! above yon grove, what heavenly light
Appears, to add new beauties to the scene?
'Tis *Cynthia*, ruling Goddess of the night,
Who spreads her silver radiance o'er the green.

Sublime she walks, amid the glittering spheres,
Attracting all mankind's admiring gaze;
But here description fails; millions of years
Would not suffice, O Lord! thy works to praise.
T.

SOLITUDE.

By a miss aged thirteen years.

What modest maid is that I see,
Who turns to shun the giddy throng?
See, she partakes not of the glee,
But sings alone her plaintive song.

That modest maid is *Solitude*,
She loves to dwell in silent glade,
There, in a sadly pleasing mood,
She wanders 'midst the darkest shade.

'Midst hills, and rocks, and gloomy plains,
Sweet *Solitude* delights to dwell;
Untortur'd by love's jealous pains,
She lives within a hermit's cell.

But come, my gentle maid, and tell,
Where I may search for pleasure bright;
Does she in courtly circles dwell?
Or mid the revels of the night?

Say, is she found in *Beauty's* charms,
Or 'midst gay *Fashion's* idle throng,
In scenes of *Love*, in *War's* alarms,
Or 'midst the sprightly dance and song.

Ah! no; true Pleasure ne'er is found,
'Mid courtly throngs. or cities gay,
In *Beauty's* charms, in *Fashion's* round,
In sprightly dance, or jocund lay.

But 'tis in *Virtue's* blest retreat,
Where *Wisdom* guides our prudent choice;
Where *Reason's* lamp shall light our feet,
And meek *Devotion* tune our voice.

With *Solitude* then may I rest,
While *Science* all my mind employs;
Religion's charms shall soothe my breast,
'Till I am ripe for heavenly joys.

Mc. N.